





"Oh God, we meet again, Qboy Long," Farter gurgled. Both Kenobby and most of Farter drew their dicksicks to the ready. Kenobby lunged wildly at Farter's arm and missed by several feet. Farter whirled around to parry the attack, only to see his left arm fly off into the distance. Before it hit the ground, the mechanical garbage collector caught the pop fly and raced away with it. Tears mingled with vomit behind Farter's mask.

Kenobby's sides ached with laughter at the Derk Semi-Lord's plight. Gagging and sputtering idiotically, Kenobby tripped and lurched forwards, impaling himself surgically on his dicksick.

"He really got shafted that time," Hand said enviously as he arrived with Luke and the others.

"Hope it wasn't too hard on him," Luke quipped lightheartedly, and they all laughed together.

"Let's get going before those two metallic morons show up," Laya added. They clambered aboard the Millennium Faggot, leaving Farter to mourn the loss of yet another limb.

"Waltz us out!" Freebie hollered as Hand readied the garbage scow for take-off.

"Ah, nuts, they made it," Luke remarked. Down on the Hengar deck, Muff Diver gloated with the knowledge that a homing device had been posted to the ship.

The creft chugged and laboured slowly out of the death Star, putting huge blue clouds of burn off. Hand asked for another quick one and soon the ship was speeding recklessly towards the rebel whorehouse.

Upon their arrival at the house en overweight, metronly, hippo of a madam answered the door.

"Princess Laya! Well bless my well-reeded carcass!" she bellowed.

"Ah, bite my ass!" she twittered, equally pleased to see her. The old woman noticed Laya's companions.

"And this human excrement gave me a lift here," she explained,

pointing to the others. Continuing on, she said, "By the way, this planet is going to be obliterated by Death Star."

"Q?" the madam noted calmly. "If this house is destroyed, there goes the planet's entire economy."

"I nearly forgot," Laye added, pointing to 4Q. "The metallic condom has some useful information in it about that Death Star."

"What luck! We've got General Peter Discharge, head of the rebellion, going around the world with one of our girls upstairs," the madam answered. "Maybe he can help us."

"Screw you, ladies," Hend interjected. "I only came along for the ride. Blowie and I simply ebor violence," he explained.

"Hey come on, baggy-eyes," Luke protested, feeling strangely uncomfortable in a cathouse. "It could be a great way to meet fresh meat."

"Nothing doing, we're going to blow this place," Hand said.

"Figures," Luck said. Hand and Blowie walked out arm in arm, end paw in pants. Behind Luke, the General came dripping down the stairs.

"Heard what the problem was, son. I like the place, it's got ass. I want to protect it, so I'll give you a squadron of my best fighters and pilots to do what you got to do," the General graciously offered, and then he went upstairs to call them.

Later that day, the General detailed the plan of attack to the pilots, using the Information from the 4Q unit. The pilots were the mostllest crew of deviates ever assembled in the galaxy. The general's instructions could barely be heard above the tumultuous burping, farting and scratching of the pilots.

"We've found the gaping flaw in the otherwise Indestrucible Death Star," the general said. "They forgot to install any defense weaponry whatsoever on it. It's a miracle the bloody thing hasn't exploded by

#### TOIKE OIKE

itself. I suggest we use a two phase attack. Firstly we launch a Keopeate suppository right up the old enus, then we follow this assault with a cork to ensure our victory. Now, Greek Squadron, you handle the suppository barrage, and Pork Squadron, you seal the works with the cork. Good Luck and Farewell," he concluded. The semi-stuporous pilots stumbled to the F Wing aircraft and tumbled into the cockpits. Screaming and howling in protest, the 4Q unit was lowered into Luke's unit and blotted down. The General saluted their bravery with a tear in his eye, and a baloney sandwich in his mouth.

Unmindful of the impotent attack about to be launched by the Rebellion, Grand Muff Diver had located the princess's brothel via the concealed homing device. He planned to devastate the planet within the next two hours, and was discussing some last minute preparations with Death Farter.

Their conversation was cut short as warning sirens sounded their shrill wall throughout the Star.

Muff Diver raced to the viewing screens and found the cause of the alarm.

"It's an attack force from the rebel Whorehouse on its way there!" he said in humurous disbelief. "I only wish the princess were aboard!"

Farter shif his pants, then hobbled to his Tie fighter to escape.

Back at the whorehouse, Luke was preparing to leave with the strike force.

"I hope you fucking die!" the princess said, wishing him luck. Luke felt a knot build up in his throat. The he horked a phlegm ball at Laye's face, where it hit with a satisfying splat. His affection ran deeper than words.

The entire force started their engines and took off, with the Pork Squadron crashing through the wall, over several customers in a variety of positions, then out into space, well away from the Death Star.

The remaining (and unfortunate) Greek Squadron bravely made their ways towards their doom.

Luke stared in awe at the controls. There wasn't one familiar orifice to plug into. Hoping to draw some strength from the courageous banter of his comrades, he turned the radio on.

"Will you watch where the hell you're going?"

"Keep your goddamn eyes open, you asshole!"

"Watch out, you're up my ass!" they shouted at one another, and one by one, they collided with each other, leaving mushroom clouds and flaming wreckage as mute testimony to their well-honed ineptness.

"I can't believe this!" Luke screamed as he ticked off the loss of each and every fellow pilot on his dashboard. By the time they reached the Death Star, less than half of the Greek Squadron remained.

But once they got there, there spread wide before them a sight no back door boy could resist...the crevicle of the Death Star.

"Greek 5, this is Greek 69, I'm going in!" one sllobbered excitedly, and then broke "formation" to plunge into the hair-covered canal below him.

Greek 69 held the controls valiantly, but his courageous efforts were foiled rather easily as his F Wing was hopelessly snared in the black forest of anal hairs in the canal.

"You'll have to go it alone, Greek 5!" the other pilot said, before the transmission was misplaced. And Luke would have to go it alone, as the remaining few pilots ran out of fuel and foolishly crashed into each other. Luke faltered for a moment.

"Remember the Force, Luke, you know it is always with you," a familiar wheezing voice said to him.

"Stay dead, you old bastard," Luke said sharply. Closing his eyes, he thought back to his corefree boyhood days when he had a dog (several times).

"Shit, this is just like buggering beagles or reaming retriever!" he howled with delight. With renewed confidence he careened wildly into the canal, bounced off the sides several times and narrowly missed the screaming Tie fighter that Farter was escaping in.

"Christ, the Force is strong in that one!" Farter commented, accelerating madly away from the Death Star. Close on his tail, the mechanical garbage collector raced after him in its own little Tie fighter. Behind them both, the Death Star was within striking distance of Laya's planet and was preparing to unleash a Terrefact upon the uncaring whorehouse.

On his ass' putter, Luke was finally able to centre the Death Star's orifice on the cross hairs.

"I can do it!" he screamed, and the 4Q unit behind him passed out from terror. Reaching the orifice, he launched his Kao-peate suppository and then yanked up hard on the stick. Screaming in pain, he located the proper Control stick and pulled away quickly. The suppository found the orifice and slipped up it beautifully, just as the Terralart Ignition Sequence Countdown was beginning.

"If only we had a cork," Luke muttered, almost totally unconcerned. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, Luke recognized the rusting form of the Millennium Faggot flying backwards over the canal.

"My turn! My turn!" Hend screamed ecstatically as he rammed a gigantic cork right up the old anus.

"I thought you'd buggered off, you whoopee weng worshipper," Luke said angrily.

"There's no time to argue...let's blow this place!" Hand howled.

"Business before pleasure," Luke admonished.

They just managed to speed away before the heavens were illuminated by a brief nova-like explosion, whose lack of sound echoed throughout the galaxy. The Death Star had sent forth its last blue angel.

The job well done, Luke and Hand returned to the whorehouse amidst deafening groans and yawning.

"Big fucking deal," snapped the princess. "You probably figure you deserve a reward or something."

"Something pre-pubescent would be nice," Hend quipped.

Something with a cold nose for me," Luke edded.

Two hours later, Hand and Luke stood before the princess who was

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seated on a throne at the head of a large, empty auditorium.

"Catch!" she said, tossing Luke, Hand and Blowie three some what oddly shaped pieces of charred metal with their names scratched on them by an owl.

"We are honoured to except these medals," Luke said, catching a quick glimpse down Laye's blouse.

"That's Freebie and 4Q, you moron," the princess snarled.

Turning to Hend, Luke said, "You know, despite our obvious differences and disagreements, I still hate your stinkin' faggot guts." Then he berbecued Hand's long mleused tool with a blaster. Blowie howled with vengeful delight. Luke abandoned all thoughts of further adventures with Blowie and Hend, and even lost interest in Laye's magnificent mammerries, for his nootris had detected the faint scent of an innocent young puppy.

A faint smile crossed his lips, and he realized full well that he could now spend the rest of his days banging the garbage out of his new-found canine companion.

The End

# GODIVA'S BOX

Dear Godiva:

Botswana is a land rich with wildlife and thick with jungle. In many parts the jungles disappear, and cities grow as thickly as the jungle itself.

The University of Botswana has 7000 students, and as we are an emerging nation, many of the students are in Engineering. Two thirds of our student population is presently enrolled in Engineering, and each of us would like to expand his knowledge of the outside world.

Unfortunately, we are isolated, and as political pressure mounts, our isolation from the world increases. The present government is essentially a police state, allowing very little information out of the country. We, on the other hand, wish to exchange ideas and cultures with the rest of the western world, and feel that we would both benefit from such an exchange.

It is very difficult to send letters to North America, because of its political doctrines. As a result, all outgoing post is sent to you via London. This will hopefully prevent government screening and confiscation.

It is my understanding that Western Europeans have developed an intoxicating beverage known as beer. This is composed of cereal grains and hops, which are uncommon to our climate. I think that beer would be an interesting change from our ethoholic drinks. Its effects seem to parallel one of our own intoxicants. Zangawba is a yellow bubbly liquid which we Engineers enjoy immensely. It too is fermented and I will explain its production shortly.

Another hallucinogenic material often consumed by westerners is drugs. These are quite foreign to our way of life. They seem to induce all sorts of interesting reactions. Gress (I hope that I have pronounced it correctly) is the most common of these drugs. I was recently led to believe that we too have a mixture which induces apparently similar effects. It is called Goompambjo and is refined infinitely many times. I will explain its production as well.

I hope that this exchange in cultures will broaden your horizons, as I know it will mine.

Readily available materials from the jungle are used to make zangawba. Unlike beer, where water is added, zangawba is boiled to drive off excess moisture. It is a product of

elephant urine and banana seeds. Engineers are the only ones brave enough to collect the intoxicating fluid. It is a dangerous task, but well worth the effort.

Collection is done by inserting a catheter into the urethra. This may excite many beasts, and the engineer must either jerk off the animal or suffer the consequences. Most choose to jerk, as they have a sense of responsibility for pleasing the wildlife. (Right Smokey?) Fourteen million litres of fluid are collected annually, and much of it is exported to France and Peru.

The processes are complicated and exact. The first step involves giving the urine to wild boars. Three litres are administered to each animal in enema form, and the runoff is carefully collected. (The puss from resulting inflammation is exported to the Soviets to be mixed with caviar.) This rich runoff is stored in bamboo cylinders until desired.

Actual processing occurs in solar boilers. We use the equation from hydrodynamics:  $P = X^2 / (beta \rho)$

In these furnaces, exactly half of the fluid is boiled off. The remainder is then combined with banana seeds and vanilla extract and pressurized. The product is bottled and distributed. The French consume much of it and call it chocolate mousse, we laugh, as we know it's still zangawba.

Unlike zangawba, Goompambjo is easily found in the jungle. However, the extra effort to produce it is well worthwhile, since its effects range from uncontrolled haemorrhaging from the eyeballs to violent vomiting resulting in loss of the entire stomach lining; what fun! Other minor side effects are the ability to maintain prolonged erections and controlled orgasms. It is consumed before the noonday meal with great ceremony and is symbolic of the superior way of life of the Botswana people.

It is generally ingested by mouth under the effects of flame, but there are recipes available for mixing it with brownies. A long cylindrical cavity is made from the body of a grown python. Through the eyes, two reeds are secured with goat intestines and sealed with a paste made from ground obsidian, larks vomit and giraffe dung. The snake's belly is silt and a pint of the aromatic fluid is sensuously poured into the kidneys. This represents the ancient

sacrifices made by our forefathers to Kabozo, God of those who believe in Kabozo.

When the actual smoking is done, the inhaler sits upright with 15 freshmen holding the snakeskin in a horizontal position. When the end is lit on fire, the freshmen advance, and stuff the snakeskin down the inhaler's throat until no more can be swallowed. Now the fun begins: within seconds, the inhaler's viscera begins to flow from the snake's anus and he is transported into the ecstasy of the 8th plane of awareness. The freshmen who perform this ceremony eagerly await the day when they may be chosen to be a revered inhaler, as few people are chosen to be so honored.

The sacred material is carefully produced from a variety of elements. Its production will now be revealed to the western world for the first time. Sacred Rhinoceros dung is procured from the white rhinos of Umchakkol. This is mixed with straw of the Gamgamo plant and allowed to ferment for a moon and five sunsets where it is believed the spirits of our sacred ones are transformed into the flavourful sauce. This mixture is poured into oblong boxes to cool. Each box measures 5 x 1 x 4 cm. After the molds have cooled, they are stored in hot caverns to ferment in the vapors of the earth. When cooled, they expand and are dissolved in quanaberry juice. It is now ready to be used at the noonday meal.

This is the first of hopefully many cultural and technological exchanges. When you write back, please include a few technical reports. These would be greatly appreciated. Our American friends have kindly furnished us with plans for their Neutron bomb. Please send us your equivalent defense prototypes. Perhaps a detailed report of the operation of the still top secret Anik VII or the Candu reactor 7421—JM.

Such an exchange would truly be appreciated, and in return, our next bulletin will include cultivation of Pongibi shrubs, and making the jungles blossom. Thank you for your patience, and may you be happy to know that you have enriched an emerging culture.

Student's League for Engineering Revolution in Botswana (SLERB)

**OIKE \*OIKE**

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Devoted to the interests of the under-graduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

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Business Mgr. ..... Dave Bowden

Chub-a-dub — Definition of a quick snack. Lick-at-the-split.

Sharon — The quiet type but loving it.

Deve Bowden — I got my own real nurse!

Sheelah — I didn't fail! I'm back.

Steve D. — Hello to a special lady.

Larch — Nothing profound but a big hello for Fish's Dishes, esp. Tammy, Ingrid, and Maew (for Richard), at UWCO.

Royal Outcast — I owe a nurse — a pun. And Sheelah's back!

Mellow Yellow — Yeah beaver, drop your drawers and the channel's yours.

Dug — Thanx to Omar for covering some of the most relevant points. Good old Omar.

Paul K.T. — Plug into a socket today!

Joe AWKESP — I'll get you next issue, Oksanna.

BeNa2 — Love to all mazikim everywhere.

Graham — Would love to meet Omar's girlfriend.

Giggles — Would love to look like Omar's girlfriend.

Jymmi eM — on behalf of the Toitsaphy, you can ram it, George.

Bobby — when do we eat emilio? (comma is missing)

L. Neumeister — Take a pickle to lunch.

Pete de Sneaky — I vusent apparently presently here, so I moosed de maycup.

Claudie — for Chris (Trin 7T8) who belches politely.

Bill M. — Hell, go to lunch pickled!

Mike Nettleton — Moving up in the world.

Ellen Rochmen — Only in Quebec, tu dis.

DO YOU HAVE A FERTILE MIND?  
OR HAS IT GONE TO SEED?

**OIKE MAKEUP**

Sat., 28 Jan. from 3PM on

Dearest Box,

Over the holidays I bought the new album by the LGMB, "Band with the Runs." I love the album. Actually, I'm in love with it. It all started when I was feeling rather horny one morning at Victoria College. I undressed the record, eyeing with lust the centre hole which had been conveniently placed there for my xxxx use. I found that the hole was the exact size necessary for maximum pleasure.

At first, I was satisfied with my new-found happiness. But eventually I realized that she (the album is female — I'm not queer) just lays there flat and unresponsive during sex. Is there anything, maybe an aphrodisiac or something, which I could give "Band With The Runs" so we can enjoy ourselves more. I'm asking you, Godiva, because after all, you Engineers made the album, so you can't!

Yours,  
R. U. A. Sounfren,  
Arts IV.

Two Irishmen are about to set foot in Australia for the first time and for the occasion Paddy puts on a new pair of crocodile shoes. When Mick sees the new shoes, he becomes very jealous and tries to buy them from Paddy.

First, he offers Paddy \$10, then \$20, and Paddy refuses.

Finally, after arguing for a few hours, Paddy suggests that Mick hire a boat and rifle and go up to the Northern Territory and shoot his own crocodile.

Thinking this to be a great idea, Mick gets a boat and rifle and chuffs up to the Northern Territory to shoot a crocodile. One day, as he's paddling along in his boat, he spots a crocodile. So he gets out his rifle and shoots the bastard. Thinking it to be a dead, he dives in to get it, and finds that it's still kicking. He now has to finish the job with his bare hands. After several hours he manages to strangle it and drags it to the shore just as his strength gives out.

With a last ounce of effort, he drags it onto the beach and collapses. Another couple of hours later, Mick finally revives. He examines the animal that nearly killed him and says, "Shit. Just my luck to get a crocodile without any shoes."

Dear R. U. A. Artsie,  
If you can suck it, then you can fuck it!

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One of them will present a slide show.

Information may also be obtained by visiting the CUSO Office at 33 St George Street or by phoning 978-4022.

Thomas Olke, a stockbroker, received an urgent phone call one afternoon. "My name is Walters," the caller announced. "About two weeks ago my wife got a crazy idea and started walking the street, asking me to procure customers for her."

"Just a minute," Olke protested. "You want Dr. Olke, the psychiatrist. His name is right below mine in the phone book. Many people dial me by mistake."

"No mistake" came the reply. "I want you to invest all the money we're making."

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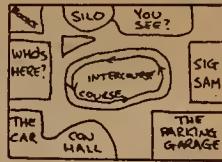
A lover of all the finer things in life went to a bordello that prided itself in providing the ultimate in the unusual. That galloping gourmet asked the madam for her most unusual offering and was told he could have a Plymouth Rock hen who was trained to go down on men. So, he paid the fee and took the fowl into a room with him. For hours he tried to get the hen to perform but couldn't succeed. It was so much fun trying and getting his pecker pecked that he came back the next day for more thrills.

This time he was led into a plush room where men were sipping whiskey and watching cavitating couples through a one-way mirror. Turning to the man next to him, he said, "I say, this is marvelous. Look what those two over there are doing!"

The man replied, "This is light action — you should have seen the guy last night with the chicken."

# WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CHARIOT RACE

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THE RULES ARE AS IN THE ENGINEERING HANDBOOK, WITH SOME SMALL REVISIONS.  
ENTRANTS SHOULD CONTACT THE BLUE AND GOLD CHAIRMAN TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE.



A buxom blonde was trying on an extremely low-cut dress. As she studied herself in the mirror, she asked the saleswoman whether she thought it was too low-cut. The saleswoman replied, "Do you have hair on your chest?" to which the blonde retorted, "No!" "Hm," the saleswoman shot back, "it's too low-cut!"



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Then there was this Artsie who bought used lottery tickets because he thought that there was nothing like proven success.

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Location to be Announced  
(meet at 12:10 in front of Engineering Annex.)

NATIONAL PICKLE DAY (Saturday January 21) Once again the celebration of the pickle is upon us. Thousands of people will be meeting with family and friends in delicatessens across Canada this Saturday to proclaim their esteem for this delicious culinary victual. So far as can be determined the pickle is of noble birth. The first mention of the pickle was in about 330 BC when Alexander the Great discovered meat and vegetables could be preserved in sour cider and brine. The pickle spread across the continent by the envoys of Alexander. The name itself comes from the dutch word for brine, pekel.

In the last century, however, the pickle has decreased in stature despite its regal heritage. The purpose of A National Pickle Day is not to protest the plight of the poor pickle, but rather to restore the dignity and honour it rightfully deserves. A special tribute shall be made on Saturday at 5:30 pm in the Wilson Hall Cafeteria, New College.

# We All Went to the Conference

The tenth C.C.E.S., or Le Dixième Congrès des Étudiants en Génie du Canada (for short) was held in Sherbrooke, Quebec from January 4th to 8th. Eight students from U of T attended. The theme of this year's congress was Engineering Education, and papers and discussions focussed on such aspects as course content, specialization vs. generalization, and continuing education for graduate engineers. Student engineers from all across Canada had the run of the Hotel "Le Baron", much to the chagrin of CP, who have by now vowed that engineers shall never again cross the threshold of any of their member hotels.

The purpose of the C.C.E.S.—C.E.G.S. is to provide an opportunity for engineering students from across Canada to meet to discuss common concerns affecting their education and future as professionals. In the past some student delegations have presented papers on the congress' theme, which tended to be of a more technical nature, but this practice was not followed this year. Instead, all students had an opportunity to contribute by participating in informal workshops. The topics of these workshops, groups of which were held concurrently, included

specific course content, project courses, co-op systems, homework and job opportunities. As well as providing a forum to compare universities, these workshop discussions fostered several resolutions which will be forwarded to interested parties such as the deans of the various faculties of engineering in Canada.

It must be emphasized that not all the important dialogue between delegates took place at the workshops. The evenings provided ample opportunity to compare course content, teaching techniques and regional job opportunities over bottles of Brador. Evening activities included a "Beer and Bash" (?) pub with Sherbrooke students, a chance to visit brasseries and bistrots in downtown Sherbrooke, and a closing soiree. As you can guess, we all learned a bit of French since no translators were present at the social events.

One of the highlights of the congress was a presentation by students of WPI, a technical school in Massachusetts which uses radical and highly innovative learning techniques. WPI students are required to complete three major projects before graduation — one in the humanities, one in technology, and an interactive

project in which humanistic aspects of technology are examined. Students at WPI work at their own pace, completing their requirements in a minimum of three years. Those who manage to graduate have no difficulty obtaining jobs.

Many of the discussions at the congress concerned the importance of liberal arts courses. The impending energy crisis coupled with a growing awareness of environmental pollution has led engineers to realize the importance of their role in society and to realize the need for an understanding of the sociological implications of technological innovation. Greater stress on economics, ecology and communication skills was recommended.

In addition, the need for design courses and experience was demonstrated, especially in light of Canada's relatively low productivity and high unemployment. One speaker mentioned the multiplier effect, whereby \$1 earned abroad from the export of design or technology generates more than \$10 for the Canadian economy.

A member of the Accreditation Board of the Canadian Council of Engineers addressed the gathering on the roles and methods of the board. We learned that accreditation



is not meant to be a popularity contest; rather it is meant to identify programs meeting certain minimal standards and to encourage progress in the quality of training.

The CAB tries to foster greater skill in the analysis and synthesis of situations, the ability to create and to make decisions.

An executive at Consolidated-Bathurst Ltd. spoke briefly on the advantages of a general background compared to a specialized undergraduate education. He compared engineering education to a tool box; it is not enough to simply have the tools, one must be able to employ them effectively.

Presumably a broader education, including such liberal arts courses as finance and human relations would help enhance one's skill as an engineer.

Naturally, no conference should be all work and no play, especially when engineers are in attendance. Sherbrooke, Quebec was completely without Bredor (the champagne of beers) by the time the congress had ended. Bun-throwing fights were as popular as in previous years, with all universities united against the Boys From B.C. The Christmas tree we decorated in the upstairs corridor the first night of the congress could only be surpassed by the snowmen erected in the same location the following evening. The hotel management proved they had no sense of humour by hiring three ex-Rams members to act as watchdogs over C.P. property. Unfortunately, the job proved not to be challenging enough for these men, so they took to harassing a certain female member of the U of T delegation [who will go unnamed of course since she is the euthore of this article].

An excursion to Sherbrooke U for a pub was a surefire success, especially since it included the time-honoured tradition of playing "how many engineers can fit into one autobus sans disaster?" Our safe arrival at the university so surprised our hosts that they had no chance to plan a promised tour of their facilities. As a conciliation they played the new L.G.M.B. record for the delighted delegates who were so overwhelmed with joy that they asked to have the record removed.

The ability of the assembled engineers to pick up women was challenged by the Sherbrooke engineers who presented each delegate with an invitation card for the Saturday evening soiree, to be given to a Sherbrooke female. Alas the engineers met with little success since the only french phrase most of them knew tended to scare off prospective dates (voulez-vous...).

The soiree of the last evening was highlighted by a performance by the Manitoba's 3EAQ chorus, who sang songs of such gross nature that the Toke has secured permission to print them. See Page 6 and see what we mean! The conference ended with a whimper as delegates tried to outdo each other's ability to go without sleep the final night. The extra hours of semi-wakefulness gave us one last chance to perpetrate pranks such as marching a semi-Godiva and a three-man horse in the corridors to scare the hotel security. One sidelight of the C.C.E.S.—C.E.G.S. is that it may have fostered a greater understanding of the problem of bilingualism in Canada. While it was necessary to plug into the simultaneous translation facilities during most of the invited talks, the lack of the same at the workshops did not have a detrimental effect on communication.

Lack of space or reticence prevents me from discussing further the acts perpetrated at the congress. If you are interested in learning more, speak to Keren Kennedy (Chem III), the head of the professional development committee. By the way, Waterloo engineers are hosting a regional conference on professionalism the first weekend in February. While it is likely to be of a temer nature due to the absence of the boys from B.C. and Manitoba (see songs by 3EAQ to learn more about the latter), it should still be worth attending. Leave a note in the Prof. Dev. mailbox near the Stores if you are interested in attending.

## What to do with an empty Blue.

**When you're smiling, call for Labatt's Blue.**

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been rewarded. Here are the

The bereaved widow was eulogizing her late husband to her nextdoor neighbour for the umpteenth time. "He never beat me. He never even touched a hair — not a hair! He was truly a good man." "Yes," yawned the neighbour, "and what marksmanship."

During a brief lull in an exhausting night of passionate lovemaking the tireless young engineer made several overtures to continue. "Oh I can't," signed his date contentedly, "I'm on strike." "So am I," the engineer answered, "but as soon as I can get a raise, we'll both go back to work."

A seventy-year-old man met a fellow geriatric on the street one day and asked him what he'd been doing lately. The friend said he'd just spent six months in jail, after being convicted of rape. "Rape?", shouted the first man. "At your age? That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard off!"

"I know," replied the other, "but I was so flattered, I pleaded guilty."

One day at school, Johnny wrote on the blackboard "John Sullivan has the biggest tool in the school." When his teacher came in she was shocked and told Johnny to stay in after school. After school, Johnny stayed back and finally, by 5:00, the teacher let him go home. Now, all the kids wanted to find out what happened, so they hung around and when he came out they urged him to tell them what the teacher had done. Johnny refused at first, but after much coaxing he said, "I won't tell you what she did but I'll tell you this: It pays to advertise."

A nurse walked into a psychiatrist's office. Immediately upon entering, the doctor leapt on her, ripped off her clothes, and made passionate love to her. After an hour, he withdrew and stated "That takes care of my problem. What's yours?"

A new stewardess was summoned to the office of the head of the airline's training program. "I've been

told about that episode on your first flight!", said the woman in charge. "Look Miss Larson, from now on when a male passenger feels faint, I'll expect you to push his head down, between his own legs!"

"Damn the hotel!" roared the older as he continued to pound away. "It's the first erection I've had in years and both my hands are asleep!"

There were two small boys scheduled to be in the class play. Each of them had only a small part, one being, "Oh fair maiden, I have come to snatch a kiss and III your soul with love!"

The second little boy was to say, immediately following this, "Hark, a pistol shot!"

The night of the party came and found the two boys very nervous, aware that their parents were in the first row. Finally it was time for the first boy to speak, and being very nervous he said, "Oh fair maiden, I have come to kiss your snatch and fill your hole with soap!"

Hearing this the other little boy got even more upset and said "Hark, shlosh pot! A pistol shot! A pit shot! A shit pot! A cow shit! Bullshit! I didn't want to be in this play in the first place!"

The morning after the office Christmas party the husband woke up with an agonizing hangover. "I feel terrible", he complained. "You should", said his wife. You really made a fool of yourself last night. You got into a quarrel with your boss and he fired you." "Well he can go to hell."

"That's exactly what you told him." "I did?" he said incredulously. "Then screw the old goat!"

"That's just what I did," his wife replied. "You go back to work Monday."

There was this couple fucking in bed, in their penthouse suite. They sat up and pondered on what fun game they could try out. "Listen," said the guy, "You turn off the light, you close the bedroom door and I'll close the balcony door and we'll jump back into bed and figure out what else we can do."

The light was turned off. In the darkness there was the sound of pitter patter pitter patter pitter patter. . . SLAM! CRASH! Ahh. . SPLAT!

Next morning the guy was lying in the middle of the sidewalk with his cock stuck between two slabs of concrete. The poor guy was there crying. Agonized, Agonized. "A cop walked by and said, "Are you must be the guy from the penthouse suite. There was a reply of agony from the guy." You think that's bad, were still trying to get your wife off the doorknob."

An inebriated engineer was brought before the local judge. "You are charged with habitual drunkenness", the magistrate said solemnly. "Have you anything to offer in your defense?" Came the reply, "Habitual thirst."

The bartender presented the engineer with the bill, and the customer was outraged. "New York is the most expensive place in the world", he complained. "Why back in Toronto you can drink as much as you want without paying, sleep in a tancy hotel without paying, wake up and find \$50 on your pillow."

"Come on, now," questioned the bartender. "Has that ever happened to you?"

"No", admitted the man, "but it happens to my wife all the time."

Early one morning the personal secretary of the handsome president burst into his office in a rage.

"Mr. Johnson, I have worked faithfully for you for three years", she said, "and I still don't have a name plate on my office door."

"Why not?"

Slowly rising from behind his desk, his boss unzipped his trousers and flamboyantly pulled out his manhood.

"Miss Jenkins", he replied, "I call this quality, and in this organization, the quality goes in before the name goes on."

"Dad", said the boy, "we had a spelling contest in school today and I missed the very first word."

"That's too bad son, what was the word?"

"Posse."

"No wonder you can't spell it you lunkhead! You can't even pronounce it!"

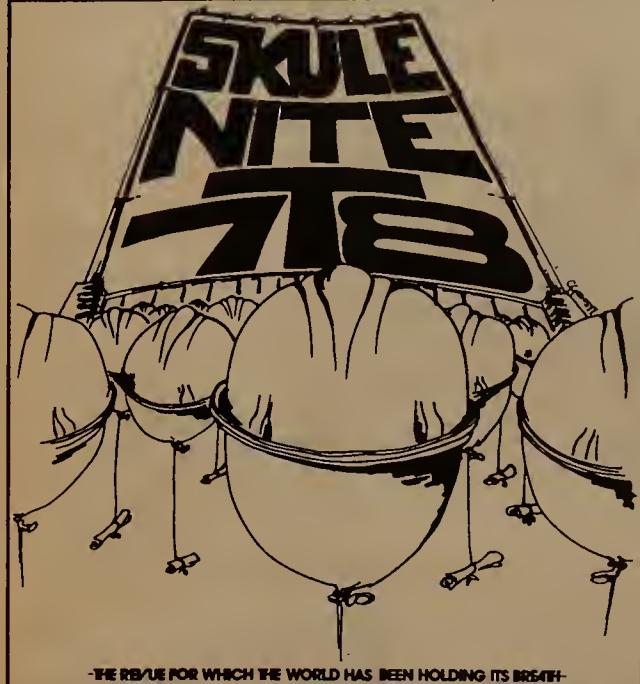
The earnest professor of gynecology at a specially convened symposium shocked his audience when he claimed, "I have indisputable evidence, gentlemen, that I have discovered a clitoris bearing an uncanny resemblance to a watermelon."

After the resulting commotion died away, one doctor rose and rejoined, "I don't doubt that my learned colleague examined a hypertrophied organ of extraordinary dimension, but to say it was like a watermelon must certainly be an exaggeration."

"Who said anything about size?" interrupted the professor.

"I'm talking about taste!"

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY

JANUARY 19, 1978

The history of the Lady Godiva Memorial Band has appeared in many world-renowned publications on several occasions. You, the readers of this publication, have undoubtedly been exposed to several of these historical accounts of the Band at least once in your scholastic careers.

However, what has never been expounded upon is the rigid tradition within the Band, and the fierce pride and self-esteem in which the members hold themselves. It seems as of late that the Band has been taken too much for granted. What the masses do not seem to realize is that this pride in belonging is not without adequate cause.

A popular misconception is that anyone can be a member of the LGMB. Hardly! Only women, nurses, and those passing the rigid tests of membership may be considered to be among those fortunate enough to wear the LGMB insignia. And these tests are hardly

## Did You Hear the One About the 6-inch Pianist?

trivial. Consider the following prerequisites for membership:

- 1) The candidate must be able to play upon any available musical instrument any musical composition ever written without the aid of any written score and after hearing it a maximum of one time.
- 2) The candidate will attend every and all engagements of the LGMB for a period of one year; this period herewith being known as the probationary period. If, at any time during the probationary period, the candidate fails to attend a scheduled LGMB engagement, he will receive a warning to be acknowledged in writing from the Band leader. After three such warnings, he will be required to carry the base drum for the remainder of his probationary period.
- 3) The old adage, "Practice makes

"perfect" does not apply to members of the LGMB. All LGMB members must at no time be seen practicing, either alone or with other members. This would imply imperfection and, since LGMB members are by definition perfect, such action cannot be condoned.

4) The candidate will respond affirmatively, at any hour of the day or night, to any reasonable or unreasonable requests made of him by the band leader(s). Exams, tests, tutorials and labs are not considered to be valid exceptions.

5) Candidates from Engineering Science will be required to play only small percussive instruments and only 4-4 time in order to avoid confusing the rest of the members.

6) Any candidate successfully completing the probationary period will, from then on, be known as the

"Band Leader" and will take on the responsibility of supervising candidates until he graduates or is asked to remove himself by his department chairman.

Now truthfully, is it any wonder that a member of the LGMB is proud, walking at all times with his head up (or her chest out) with his instrument in hand? Is it any wonder that the band expects wild cheering and screams of "MORE, MORE" at the completion of every carefully selected number? Is it any wonder that the band plays "Hey Jude" 486 times non-stop when it doesn't get what it wants?

To be accepted into the LGMB is akin to deification, to obtaining tenure. So when you see a member of the LGMB, take off your hat to him; he's twice the man you'll ever

Two Artsie carpenters were working together on a house and they decided to work on opposite sides of the house in order to complete the job quickly.

While they were working, the Artsie on the left side would occasionally pick up a nail, look at it and then throw it over his shoulder. After a few hours, the other Artsie finally couldn't take this stunt any longer, so he walked around the house to where his friend was working and asked him why he was throwing away those nails. His friend looked at him and casually said, "I can't use those nails, the heads are pointed in the wrong direction."

His friend was taken aback at first, but he finally said, "No worries there, sport, we can use them on the other side of the house!"

••• JOIKE •••

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